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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Vance is opposed to monopolies on railroads.

Gov. Jarvis has another pup cavity for Buford's incisive blade.

The bankrupt Best and his mythical Boston ring and Vance's "North Carolina System" are one and the same thing.

A Danville preacher said last Sunday that the people were in more danger of damnation than starvation or railroad monopolies.

In the remembrance conference in London, Bishop Simpson said the loss of children of Methodists in America in favor of other denominations was one of the most disastrous facts connected with Methodism.

There seems no longer any doubt that there are Southern cotton mills that can sell cloth better than the best mills, and make better dividends. Mr. Francis Ogden, manager of the Augusta (Ga.) cotton factory, says: "Southern mills can sell cloth at half-cent less per yard than the New England mills, and still make more money than they do. Mr. Bassett, of the Eagle and Phoenix mills, of Columbus, Ga., says the Southern manufacturer has 15 to 20 cents per pound advantage over the Northerner."

The State commissioners as far back as May "unofficially" entered into a formal agreement with Mr. Best, looking to the re-assignment of that contract, of which agreement the assignees were kept in total ignorance for more than two months, notwithstanding they were receiving their salaries and expending money to carry out and complete the contract, relying upon the extension of time which had not only been granted without controversy as to their right to claim it.

Where the justification for this "contingent proceeding" on the part of the State Commissioners, in the emphatic words of the *Charlotte Observer*, "is this fair? Is this right? Is this honorable? We think not, and for that reason we oppose it. Let us have peace, but not that peace which comes from any other source than a method of thinking and that regard and reverence for the law, which has made a name for North Carolina for a century past."

President Garrett, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, says the North Carolina Midland will be built with "no delay." He further says that "the construction of this extension is regarded as material to perfect the railway system south of Danville in the Carolinas, and to afford the necessary outlet for the business of an extensive and valuable region of country partially developed and heretofore not provided with desirable facilities of transportation to market. Mr. Harbourn is now president of the North Carolina Midland Railroad Company, and it is understood that its associates have since the purchase referred to, made a large subscription to the capital stock of that company, which assures, with the co-operation of the local communities, the completion of the road."

President Garrett talks as coolly about providing an outlet for North Carolina products as if there was no such thing as a "North Carolina system." Where is Best?

The title of speculation in cotton is selling fast, especially in the west. Within the past ten days the volume of orders for the purchase of futures in this staple has increased nearly a thousand fold in Chicago and St. Louis.

The cause of this sudden desire to deal in cotton is the prevailing belief that the opening crop has been most seriously injured by the north winds which prevailed throughout the cotton belt during the past few weeks. Information regarding the actual damage done to the plant has been meagre until quite recently, but now it is pouring in more rapidly and the bulls increase in number and grow more confident of a large advance in prices as the bad reports concerning the condition of the crop accumulate. Pickings have commenced earlier than before in the history of the cotton region, and, if the dry weather continues, the probability is that the total crop will be gathered from one to eight weeks earlier in the season than any previous year since the war.

THE PEOPLE VS. VANCE.—Ashley Vance—If there is a man in the United States who is dissatisfied with this summer's work on the road, it is Ashley Vance. He has no doubt about it. It seems to him as if everything possible in the way of men to do, is being done every man that can be procured, is employed; none are turned away; all resources are used, regardless of cost, and the work pushed and progressed as rapidly as physical circumstances can admit, and it is people, with one voice say, it is the only prospect and best hope of the road, and without regard to party, race or color, it is believed that all are desirous of every favor and encouragement, consistent with law be extended to the present operatives, because we feel confident in their ability to fulfill their contract.

In the extreme Western and Eastern portions of the State the crops are nearly up to the average.

## THE LATE PRESIDENT.

Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Jas. A. Garfield.

James Abram Garfield was born November 19, 1831, in the township of Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, about fifteen miles from Cleveland. His father Abram Garfield, came from New York, but like his mother, was of New England stock. James was the youngest of four children. The father died in 1833, leaving the family dependent upon a small farm and the exertions of the mother. James had a tough time of it as a boy. He toiled hard on the farm early and late in summer and worked at the carpenter's bench in winter. He had an absorbing ambition to get an education, and the only road open to this end seemed of manual labor. Ready money was hard to get in those days. The Ohio Canal had not yet been completed, and he, finding that the boatman got their pay in cash and earned better wages than he could make at farming or carpentry, he hired out as a driver on the tow-path and soon got up to the dignity of holding the helm of the boat. He was ill three months, and when he recovered he decided to go to a school called Geauga Academy, in an adjoining county. By working at the carpenter's bench mornings and evenings and vacation times, and teaching country schools during the winter, he managed to attend the academy during the spring and fall terms and to save a little money towards going to college. In the fall of 1854 he entered the junior class of Williams college, Massachusetts, and graduated in 1856 with the metaphysical honors of his class. When Garfield returned to Ohio he became professor of Latin and Greek at Hiram college. Before he had been two years in his professorship he was appointed president of the college. During his professorship Garfield married Miss Lucetta Randolph, daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, whose acquaintance he had made while at the academy, where she was a pupil. She was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of singularly sweet and refined disposition, fond of study and reading, possessing a warm heart and a mind with the capacity of steady growth. The marriage was a love affair on both sides and has been a thoroughly happy one. Much of General Garfield's subsequent success in life may be attributed to the intellectual companionship of his wife and the stimulus of a loving home circle. The young couple bought a neat little cottage-fronting on the college campus and began their wedded life poor and in debt, but with brave hearts.

### GOING INTO POLITICS.

In 1856 the college president was elected to the State Senate. During the winter of 1861 he was active in the passage of measures for arming the State militia. Early in the summer of 1861 he was elected colonel of an infantry regiment raised in Northern Ohio, many of the soldiers in which had been students at Hiram. He took the field in Kentucky and was soon put in command of a brigade. From Eastern Kentucky General Garfield was transferred to Louisville, and from that place hastened to join the army of General Buell, which he reached with his brigade in time to participate in the second day's fighting at Pittsburg Landing. He took part in the siege of Corinth and in the operations along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. In January, 1863, he was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland. His last conspicuous military service was at the battle of Chickamauga. He was promoted to a major generalship.

General Garfield was nominated for Congress while he was in the field, without asking his consent. That was in 1862. When he heard of the nomination Garfield concluded to accept it. He was elected. On entering Congress, in December, 1863, General Garfield was placed upon the committee on military affairs, with Sheek and Farnsworth, who were also fresh from the field. He took an active part in the debates of the House and won a recognition which few new members succeed in gaining. He was not popular among his fellow-members during his first term. His attainments and amiable social qualities enabled him to overcome prejudice during his second term, and he became on terms of close friendship with the best men in both houses. His committee service during his second term was on the ways and means, which was quiet to his taste, for it gave him an opportunity to prosecute the studies in finance and political economy which he had always felt fondness for. He was a hard worker and a great reader in those days, going home with his arms full of books from the Congressional Library and sitting up late nights to read them. Garfield was regularly returned to Congress at every election from 1862 till he became a candidate for President.

When James G. Blaine went to the Senate, in 1877, the mantle of Republican leadership in the House was by common consent placed upon Garfield, and he has worn it every since. In January, 1880, General Garfield was elected to the Senate to the seat which was to be vacated by Allen G. Thurman on the 4th of March, 1881. He received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus, an honor never given to any man of any part in the State of Ohio. After his election he was the recipient of many complimentary man-

ifestations in Washington and Ohio. At the Republican National Convention at Chicago, June 8, 1881, Garfield was nominated for President of the thirty-sixth ballot, receiving 399 votes, to 306 for Grant, 42 for Blaine and 3 for Sherman. He was elected President on November 2, 1880, and was inaugurated on March 4, 1881.

### HIS ADMINISTRATION.

In his inaugural address President Garfield reviewed briefly the progress of the nation and expressed high hopes of its future. He was outspoken in the matter of negro citizenship, declaring that the negro must enjoy the free and equal protection of the laws. He recognized the dangers arising from ignorance in the voter, and said that the nation is under obligation to educate the people. He favored such an adjustment between gold and silver currency as would keep both in circulation, advocated a refunding measure which would not compel the withdrawal of national bank notes, spoke briefly of agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interest, took strong grounds on the Monroe question, and advocated the regulation of the civil service by law. Senator Blaine was called to the Secretaryship of State in the new Cabinet, and the other member selected and confirmed were as follows: Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, of Minnesota; Secretary of the Interior, Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa; Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois; Secretary of the Navy, William H. Hunt, of Louisiana; Postmaster General, Thomas L. James, of New York, and Attorney General, Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania. Throughout the week following the inauguration the prevailing topic was the advisability of an extra session of Congress. The President's decision that an extra session was not necessary apparently met with the approval of the people. Public attention was then turned for several weeks to a dead-lock in the Senate over the reorganization.

Meanwhile in making nominations to fill government offices in New York the President gave places to several supporters of Senator Conkling. But to placate the "anti-machine," or anti-Conkling faction of New York Republicans, as was said at the time, Judge Robertson, the leader of the anti-Conkling wing, was nominated for the important position of Collector of the port of New York. This caused a political sensation. Mr. Conkling resolved to antagonize the administration at every point and especially to prevent the confirmation of his political enemy. Apparently for several days Mr. Conkling was succeeding in his purpose, but the President again obtained the upper hand by withdrawing what were known as the "Conkling nominations." This was regarded as a heavy blow at the anti-Conkling wing. The Lemmons, it will be recollected, were Virginia slaveholders. In 1852 they went to New York with eight slaves, intending to take them to Texas. On a writ of habeas corpus Judge Paine liberated their slaves, and the Attorney General paid their counsel fees by the State of Virginia, took an appeal. Opposed to this was Wm. M. Evans, assisted by Chester Arthur. The slaveholders were again beaten and the eight slaves were set free. The second case arose in 1856. Lizzie Jennings, a respectable colored woman, was ejected from a car on the Fourth Avenue Street Railroad. Suit was brought for damages and Mr. Arthur appeared for the colored woman and won the case, and his victory opened all the cars of New York city to the colored people.

During the war Mr. Arthur served on the staff of Governor E. D. Morgan, for the most of the time as quartermaster general. It was this connection which introduced Mr. Arthur into politics. After the war his law practice was of that peculiar kind which consists largely in looking after matters of legislation. This work made him more and more familiar with the habits of politicians. He soon had a wide acquaintance, mainly, however, among the public men of New York.

### AN ACTIVE POLITICIAN.

He was very young when he became a power in the politics of New York city. He was always a friend of the men who now compose what is known as the stalwart wing of the Republican party. "Tom" Murphy was his constant political associate while the Tweed ring was in its glory, and he has always been and is now one of the chief adherents of ex-Senator Conkling. He has always been among those in power in his party, an indefatigable, shrewd worker, a skillful organizer of the party machine.

It was some time after he had become one of the most reliable conductors of the "machine" that he was called to his first Federal office. His appointment as Collector of the Port of New York was a grievous disappointment to the commercial community, although he was pretty generally accepted as an improvement on his predecessor, Mr. Murphy. Mr. Arthur, outside of political circles, was an unknown man. His law practice had not taken him into the courts and in politics he had remained out of sight as a manipulator of the puppets. His appointment was made, as all appointments were made at that time, in strict accordance with the rules of the "spoils system."

Roscoe Conkling was the favorite Senator from New York, and General Grant appointed to the chief political office of the State, the man whom Roscoe Conkling relied upon as the captain of the hosts that upheld him in power. The assertion was made at the time that he was an able lawyer and a man of remarkable executive ability.

fourth forehead, light brown hair and beard, large, light-blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He dressed plainly, was fond of broad-brimmed slouch hats and stout boots, cared nothing for luxurious living, was thoroughly temperate in all respects and was devoted to his wife and children and very fond of his country home. Among men he was genial, approachable, companionable and a remarkably entertaining talker.

### THE NEW PRESIDENT. SKETCH OF CHESTER ALLEN ARTHUR, WHO NOW BECOMES PRESIDENT.

The Vice President of the United States becomes the President on the death of General Garfield, the Constitution providing that the duties of the office shall devolve upon the Vice President in the event of the removal of the President by death, resignation or inability to perform the duties of his office. The man who was thought worthy of this high office, with all its possibilities, is Chester Allen Arthur.

Mr. Arthur is by birth a Vermont and of Irish parentage. William Arthur, his father, came from Ballymena, County Antrim. He was educated at Belfast College and when he was eighteen years of age he came to this country and became a Baptist clergyman. He was a man of learning and distinction. The mother of Mr. Arthur, Malinda Stone, was a native of this country. Mr. Arthur was born at Fairfield, Franklin county, Vt., October 30, 1829. His education was principally acquired at the grammar school of Schenectady and Union College, from which institution he graduated in 1848. His father was no richer than other members of his profession, and Mr. Arthur was obliged to earn much of the money necessary to pay his expenses by teaching school. After graduating he studied law in that home of great lawyers, Ballston Springs. During this studentship also he taught school. He was admitted to the bar in 1852 and became the law partner of Judge E. D. Culver, of Brooklyn, New York, who in his day was a man of considerable note, having served for a time as Minister to one of the South American States. The firm lasted five years, when Mr. Arthur formed a partnership with a friend, Henry D. Gardner, the new firm starting out together to find a place to practice in the West. This was an unsuccessful attempt and the firm finally went back to New York, where Mr. Arthur has lived ever since, known in the community somewhat as a lawyer, but chiefly as a local leader of the Republican party.

TWO NOTABLE CAUSES. Two of the most notable causes in which Mr. Arthur participated in a professional way had connection with the colored race. The first was the celebrated Lemmon suit. The Lemmons, it will be recollected, were Virginia slaveholders. In 1852 they went to New York with eight slaves, intending to take them to Texas. On a writ of habeas corpus Judge Paine liberated their slaves, and the Attorney General paid their counsel fees by the State of Virginia, took an appeal. Opposed to this was Wm. M. Evans, assisted by Chester Arthur. The slaveholders were again beaten and the eight slaves were set free. The second case arose in 1856. Lizzie Jennings, a respectable colored woman, was ejected from a car on the Fourth Avenue Street Railroad. Suit was brought for damages and Mr. Arthur appeared for the colored woman and won the case, and his victory opened all the cars of New York city to the colored people.

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Then began a struggle between Mr. Conkling and the administration, which was represented principally by Secretary Sherman, which has rarely been equalled in bitterness in the annals of political warfare. It was Mr. Sherman who, after an adverse report on the nomination by Mr. Conkling's commerce committee in 1879, put on the opinion of the administration on Mr. Arthur's performance of the duties of the Collectorship. The letter was addressed to Vice President Wheeler and was based on the report of the Jay Commission. It showed that the receipts from customs had gradually diminished from 1872 to 1877 from \$148,381,446 to \$91,056,968; that the employees were bribe-takers and guilty of gross irregularities, and that persons were borne on the pay-rolls as laborers as a reward for political services who performed no service except to sign their names to the rolls and receive their pay. \* \* \* These evils were known to Collector Arthur, yet he made no attempt during his term of office to remedy them. He stated that although Arthur's compensation amounted to \$155,860 he did not attend to the duties of his office; that in short, his office was a sinecure and that the public interest demanded his and Cornell's removal. In another letter addressed to the Senate, Mr. Hayes said: "I regard it as my plain duty to suspend the officers in question (Arthur and Cornell) and to make the nominations now before the Senate, in order that this important office may be honestly and efficiently administered." Mr. Sherman, in another letter this time to the President, said that gross abuses of administration continued and increased during Arthur's administration.

### ARTHUR'S FIGHT FOR CONKLING.

The result of the struggle was the confirmation of Merritt and Bart, and Conkling, Arthur and Cornell went out of power and began to fight the Hayes administration. In this game of party politics the champions of the spoils system won. Cornell was made Governor of New York, and Arthur Vice President of the United States. The stalwarts retained their power over the machine notwithstanding the loss of patronage. When the new administration came into power it was announced that its second officer, who had been put upon the ticket as a concession to the wishes of Roscoe Conkling, would not be the figure-head that had been in the management of government affairs. It soon turned out that this something was only in connection with the appointment of officers. It was the machine idea of the functions of government. He still retained the friend and follower of Senator Conkling, and lent his aid in endeavoring to secure again the patronage that had been lost under Mr. Hayes. When that effort was unsuccessful and Mr. Conkling resigned his seat in the Senate, Mr. Arthur followed him to Albany, where he labored for what his friend and leader called a "vindication" against the administration of which Mr. Arthur himself was the second member.

During the week following the shooting of the President, Vice President Arthur was summoned to Washington by the Cabinet. During the time that he remained at the capital and all through the illness of the President, Mr. Arthur has shown a keen appreciation of the delicacy of his own position. His conduct and expressions have been in good taste, and he will assume the position of Chief Magistrate with a better popular feeling toward him than existed previous to the fatal 2d of July.

### ARTHUR AS COLLECTOR.

He took his office December 21, 1871. The abuses in the New York Custom House were so gross under his predecessor, Murphy, and the consequent outcry against him so great that he was actually forced to resign. Something better and purer was asked for and General Grant and Roscoe Conkling gave the merchants Mr. Arthur. Did Mr. Arthur fulfill the implied promises of those who appointed him and the absolute needs of the service he was called upon to administer? The records will sufficiently show. His first term having expired, he was appointed for a second time. But in the meantime the clamor against the management of the Custom House had not ceased. It was again led by leading importers of the city which pays seventy per centum of the customs dues of the country that the great office was merely part of a political machine, and that its affairs were administered not for the benefit of the Treasury but for the advancement of the faction of which Mr. Arthur was one of the leaders.

It was during Mr. Arthur's term of office that the infamous moiety laws reached their climax in the case against Phelps, Dodge & Co. The informant, Jayne, who, for his share in the proceedings, was made forever odious, by tampering with a confidential clerk secured what he considered grounds for a claim against this respectable firm for \$1,750,000. Although the actual undervaluation of goods imported was only a little over \$6,000, and the loss of duty to the government only \$1,064, and although it was shown that, so far from there being an intention to defraud the Treasury, the firm had in the course of its existence paid \$50,000,000 of duties, and had frequently overvalued goods, the customs officers pursued their vengeance and compelled them to pay \$271,000. The testimony showed that this money was actually wrung by threats from the merchants, and that Arthur, Cornell and Conkling persistently advised their pursuit. Half of the sum was divided under the law between the Collector, District Attorney, the informer and Lafin, the Surveyor. The exposure of this proceeding led to the repeal of the moiety law and to the investigation of the Custom House by the Jay Commission.

### ARTHUR'S REFUSAL TO GREY MR. HAYES.

Soon after Mr. Hayes entered upon his office he issued his "Civil Service Order No. 1." In that order was required that "no officer shall be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions or election campaigns." At that time Collector Arthur was chairman of the State Republican executive committee and Naval Officer Cornell was chairman of the regular State committee. It was insisted on that they should resign those positions, but they refused, and in the fall of 1877, after the report of the Jay Commission, Mr. Arthur was requested to resign and Theodore Roosevelt was appointed Collector in his place. Mr. Conkling succeeded in defeating this nomination, and in July, 1878, Mr. Arthur was suspended and Mr. E. A. Merritt was appointed to succeed him.

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The annual check had come from Cousin Winemaker, and Mrs. Caldwell and her daughters were discussing where they should go for the summer. Mrs. Caldwell was a widow with but a small income, and Mr. Winemaker was a millionaire.

Mr. Winemaker himself, though a widower, was still in the prime of life, and eminently handsome; and Mrs. Caldwell, perhaps, would have preferred his hand to his check; but she knew this was a hopeless wish.

"So kind of Cousin George," she said. "And now, girls, where shall we go? I am tired of Saratoga and Long Island. What do you think of a quiet country retreat somewhere?"

To a quiet country retreat, after some discussion, it was resolved to go. The place selected was a farm, up among the hills, belonging to a well-to-do farmer, known as Grandfather Tole. Aunt Phoebe's grand-father Tole's sister, had rather opposed the taking of boarders, as she opposed everything that was novel; but Chloe, the eldest of the granddaughters, who was the Jupiter, had spoken up promptly. "Why not?" she said. "It will stir us up and give Maggie some idea of great folks, for I am told these Caldwell's are very fashionable. Let us have them, by all means." Maggie was Chloe's younger sister, and the pet and beauty of the family; and when she, too, pronounced in favor of the scheme, the thing was settled. So the Caldwell's came—mother and daughters.

"They're not stuck up a bit, if they did come down below," said Aunt Phoebe, when tea was over. "Appear just like car sort of folks."

The Caldwell's were equally pleased. "Let's stay here always," said Maggie, the younger daughter, to her mother; "it is so beautiful in the country. I hate the city."

It really was very pleasant at the old farm house, those early summer days. There was a tender green on the field and tree, such blossom and scent; such sparkling mountain streams; such wonderful moonlight. The Tole family, too, were so pleasant. Maggie was the life of the house. She was so full of fun and was so obliging. "So cultivated, too," said Maggie, who had fancied that farmers' daughters must be ignorant. "Why, she has read more books than I have, ma!"

But as the summer advanced, and the days grew hotter, and things lost their novelty, the fickle Maggie began to be less enthusiastic about the country.

"Always the same milk and fruit, always the same drive," she said. "And Maggie has so much to do now that she can't be with me like she used to. I'd rather a thousand times be in town. It is so dreadfully stupid here, with not so much as a dokey-cart going by. The mosquitoes are ever so much worse than at home. There we have bars, and there are more people, so they needn't bite just as all the time. And the flies are awful."

In the midst of her grumblings there came a smart rap at the door, and she was directly pushed open by a little old woman, who dropped a brisk little courtesy on the threshold, and then stepped in. She was dressed in an old fashioned short-gown and petticoat, and wore on her head a huge green silk affair, fashionable thirty years ago under the name of "calash," and bearing close resemblance to a chaise top. Away in under this monstrous bonnet was the wide frill of a white muslin cap; and a pair of colored iron-bowed glasses

covering a pair of twinkling black eyes. The old woman carried on her arm a covered basket, and in it, jewels, weed, golden rod and clematis.

"Miss Peasy, Miss Peasy, Peasy," said she, dropping another courtesy: "I called to fetch you a handful of my sopsopine apples. My tree is early, and I thought mebbe you hadn't had a taste of apples yet this year. And here is a parcel of blows I picked as I was coming. Mebbe you will like them, too. They are considerably pretty."

As she spoke, Miss Peasy opened her basket and took out a dozen smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

"Oh, how nice! Thank you ever and ever so much!" cried the Caldwell's, in a heartfelt way. "Do stop and sit with us awhile."

"Yes, I was a meaning to," returned Miss Peasy. "I live over to the Cross Roads, a good bit from here; but I rode in with my brother Philip as far as the turn of the road. He brought his grist over to the mill here, for he thinks Ooley grinds better than the man does at our place. And he had one or two arrants to the store, so don't need to be back to the turn under half an hour or such a matter."

"And you live with your brother?" asked Mrs. Caldwell.

"Oh, yes! Him and me, we never, u'er a one of us, married, and we've always lived together. We was twins; but we arn't any alike. You would not think we was anything to each other."

"It is on a farm like this where you live?" asked Mabel, forgetting her discontent at once.

"Something like," returned Miss Peasy. "My brother, he carries on the out-door work and I keep house for him."

"Do you do all the work your own self—every bit?" asked Mabel, in a tone of pity and wonder.

"La, yes, miss, I hope so; and I have a good bit of time left for my knitting. I knit twenty-five pairs of white mittens and twenty-five pairs of feeting last winter. Mr. Caldwell calls the brock store takes them, and pays one-half the money and one-half the goods."

"Feetings? What are feetings?" asked Mabel.

"Feetings! Why, don't you know! Men's socks or stockings, or whatever they call them. I finished up a pair this morning."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mabel, "can't I get a pair of Miss Peasy's feetings, and send to Mr. Winemaker?"

Mrs. Caldwell smiled; and the quick black eyes under the calash caught the smile and the thought behind it.

"Tisn't likely," said she. "My homespun, blue yarn would be suitable for a city gentleman, but I would send him a taste of my sopsopines in welcome, if there was a chance."

"Oh, yes!" cried Mabel. "Do send him some apples! We are just sending a box of ferns and mosses for his aquarium, and there is plenty of room."

"Send them, to be sure," answered Miss Peasy, opening her basket again, and as though it had been the widow's barrel that never lacked its handful, producing another dozen of smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

Miss Peasy went away presently with another brisk, little courtesy. But the effect of her visit lasted longer. It even outlasted the apples. Mabel's good nature and content continued all day, and as she occupied herself filling a letter to Mr. Winemaker, with a picturesque and enthusiastic account of the visitor.

But that was not the last visitor. She came again upon another day, when Mabel was in the midst of another fit of dissatisfaction.

This time Miss Peasy brought some early blackberries, and a great handful of water-lilies; and she came in a dress still older and older-fashioned, with the same little dipping courtesy, and the same quaint cheerfulness of manner.

"Mr. Winemaker was ever and ever so much obliged for those apples, Miss Peasy," cried Mabel; "and he says if you are as nice as your apples, he wishes we would take you home with us. Will you go, Miss Peasy? Now please do."

"Home with you?" exclaimed Miss Peasy, her black eyes shining with mirth. "A plain country body like me would make a pretty figure in the city! And I should be worried to death by all the noise and buzz. Somebody's going by in the road pretty much continually, I expect; and a fire likely enough somewhere about, almost every day. But I thank him and you, too, for the invite."

"Oh, Miss Peasy, you must go! Mr. Winemaker wants to see you awfully. He truly does," persisted the inconsiderate child.

Miss Peasy laughed heartily; but before she had time to do more, the village coach drew up before the door, and Mr. Winemaker himself got out.

At that sight Mrs. Caldwell rushed eagerly upon the piazza, followed by all the children; and Miss Peasy was left alone in the room, with no way of escape but through the little square entry, where Mr. Winemaker stood paying the driver, and shaking hands with the Caldwell's.

She had no idea of meeting him, though, and so she darted across the room to seek an exit through the window. But her dress caught on an ugly nail that Mabel had driven in the casing to hang balls of thistle-down upon.

"I am awfully glad you've come."

covered a pair of twinkling black eyes. The old woman carried on her arm a covered basket, and in it, jewels, weed, golden rod and clematis.

"Miss Peasy, Miss Peasy, Peasy," said she, dropping another courtesy: "I called to fetch you a handful of my sopsopine apples. My tree is early, and I thought mebbe you hadn't had a taste of apples yet this year. And here is a parcel of blows I picked as I was coming. Mebbe you will like them, too. They are considerably pretty."

As she spoke, Miss Peasy opened her basket and took out a dozen smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

"Oh, how nice! Thank you ever and ever so much!" cried the Caldwell's, in a heartfelt way. "Do stop and sit with us awhile."

"Yes, I was a meaning to," returned Miss Peasy. "I live over to the Cross Roads, a good bit from here; but I rode in with my brother Philip as far as the turn of the road. He brought his grist over to the mill here, for he thinks Ooley grinds better than the man does at our place. And he had one or two arrants to the store, so don't need to be back to the turn under half an hour or such a matter."

"And you live with your brother?" asked Mrs. Caldwell.

"Oh, yes! Him and me, we never, u'er a one of us, married, and we've always lived together. We was twins; but we arn't any alike. You would not think we was anything to each other."

"It is on a farm like this where you live?" asked Mabel, forgetting her discontent at once.

"Something like," returned Miss Peasy. "My brother, he carries on the out-door work and I keep house for him."

"Do you do all the work your own self—every bit?" asked Mabel, in a tone of pity and wonder.

"La, yes, miss, I hope so; and I have a good bit of time left for my knitting. I knit twenty-five pairs of white mittens and twenty-five pairs of feeting last winter. Mr. Caldwell calls the brock store takes them, and pays one-half the money and one-half the goods."

"Feetings? What are feetings?" asked Mabel.

"Feetings! Why, don't you know! Men's socks or stockings, or whatever they call them. I finished up a pair this morning."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mabel, "can't I get a pair of Miss Peasy's feetings, and send to Mr. Winemaker?"

Mrs. Caldwell smiled; and the quick black eyes under the calash caught the smile and the thought behind it.

"Tisn't likely," said she. "My homespun, blue yarn would be suitable for a city gentleman, but I would send him a taste of my sopsopines in welcome, if there was a chance."

"Oh, yes!" cried Mabel. "Do send him some apples! We are just sending a box of ferns and mosses for his aquarium, and there is plenty of room."

"Send them, to be sure," answered Miss Peasy, opening her basket again, and as though it had been the widow's barrel that never lacked its handful, producing another dozen of smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

Miss Peasy went away presently with another brisk, little courtesy. But the effect of her visit lasted longer. It even outlasted the apples. Mabel's good nature and content continued all day, and as she occupied herself filling a letter to Mr. Winemaker, with a picturesque and enthusiastic account of the visitor.

But that was not the last visitor. She came again upon another day, when Mabel was in the midst of another fit of dissatisfaction.

This time Miss Peasy brought some early blackberries, and a great handful of water-lilies; and she came in a dress still older and older-fashioned, with the same little dipping courtesy, and the same quaint cheerfulness of manner.

"Mr. Winemaker was ever and ever so much obliged for those apples, Miss Peasy," cried Mabel; "and he says if you are as nice as your apples, he wishes we would take you home with us. Will you go, Miss Peasy? Now please do."

"Home with you?" exclaimed Miss Peasy, her black eyes shining with mirth. "A plain country body like me would make a pretty figure in the city! And I should be worried to death by all the noise and buzz. Somebody's going by in the road pretty much continually, I expect; and a fire likely enough somewhere about, almost every day. But I thank him and you, too, for the invite."

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"I am awfully glad you've come."

## Peachy Peay.

The annual check had come from Cousin Winemaker, and Mrs. Caldwell and her daughters were discussing where they should go for the summer. Mrs. Caldwell was a widow with but a small income, and Mr. Winemaker was a millionaire.

Mr. Winemaker himself, though a widower, was still in the prime of life, and eminently handsome; and Mrs. Caldwell, perhaps, would have preferred his hand to his check; but she knew this was a hopeless wish.

"So kind of Cousin George," she said. "And now, girls, where shall we go? I am tired of Saratoga and Long Island. What do you think of a quiet country retreat somewhere?"

To a quiet country retreat, after some discussion, it was resolved to go. The place selected was a farm, up among the hills, belonging to a well-to-do farmer, known as Grandfather Tole. Aunt Phoebe's grand-father Tole's sister, had rather opposed the taking of boarders, as she opposed everything that was novel; but Chloe, the eldest of the granddaughters, who was the Jupiter, had spoken up promptly. "Why not?" she said. "It will stir us up and give Maggie some idea of great folks, for I am told these Caldwell's are very fashionable. Let us have them, by all means." Maggie was Chloe's younger sister, and the pet and beauty of the family; and when she, too, pronounced in favor of the scheme, the thing was settled. So the Caldwell's came—mother and daughters.

"They're not stuck up a bit, if they did come down below," said Aunt Phoebe, when tea was over. "Appear just like car sort of folks."

The Caldwell's were equally pleased. "Let's stay here always," said Maggie, the younger daughter, to her mother; "it is so beautiful in the country. I hate the city."

It really was very pleasant at the old farm house, those early summer days. There was a tender green on the field and tree, such blossom and scent; such sparkling mountain streams; such wonderful moonlight. The Tole family, too, were so pleasant. Maggie was the life of the house. She was so full of fun and was so obliging. "So cultivated, too," said Maggie, who had fancied that farmers' daughters must be ignorant. "Why, she has read more books than I have, ma!"

But as the summer advanced, and the days grew hotter, and things lost their novelty, the fickle Maggie began to be less enthusiastic about the country.

"Always the same milk and fruit, always the same drive," she said. "And Maggie has so much to do now that she can't be with me like she used to. I'd rather a thousand times be in town. It is so dreadfully stupid here, with not so much as a dokey-cart going by. The mosquitoes are ever so much worse than at home. There we have bars, and there are more people, so they needn't bite just as all the time. And the flies are awful."

In the midst of her grumblings there came a smart rap at the door, and she was directly pushed open by a little old woman, who dropped a brisk little courtesy on the threshold, and then stepped in. She was dressed in an old fashioned short-gown and petticoat, and wore on her head a huge green silk affair, fashionable thirty years ago under the name of "calash," and bearing close resemblance to a chaise top. Away in under this monstrous bonnet was the wide frill of a white muslin cap; and a pair of colored iron-bowed glasses











CORRESPONDENCES.

A Mountain Trip.

EDITOR PATRIOT:—Having parted with your readers at the Large Rock near Mount Airy, I resume at this point my narrative of what I "saw and heard" on the way.

Four miles north-east of Mount Airy is the White Sulphur Springs. The water in the place which has acquired some celebrity within the last few years. So far as the taste and smell of this water are concerned, it would perhaps be difficult to conceive of anything more disagreeable. Sulphuretted hydrogen, which seems to be its chief characteristic, is a disagreeable chemistry as having the odor of putrid eggs, and is a frequent product of the decay of organic matter, both animal and vegetable. Were it not for our knowledge of the fact that in the wise economy of nature, most medicines are disagreeable, we should find it difficult to believe that a liquid of this peculiar character was intended to be gulped down even by invalids, especially the my and robust of this class.

Leaving the Springs, we continued in a northerly direction, ascending the Blue Ridge at Williams Gap, in Carroll county, Va. Following the crest of the Ridge thence east for about ten miles, we stopped at the house of Mr. James Barnard, (incorrectly called Barnert,) near the Pinnacles of Dan, in Fincastle county. These Pinnacles are in a bend of the Dan River, which, at this place, makes a circuit of about five miles strikingly resembling a horse shoe in form. They are reached by a narrow ridge running in the direction of the river at this point, from northwest to southeast. Some idea of the precipitous character of the sides of this ridge may be conceived from the fact, that at the narrowest place, through the height cannot be less than eight hundred feet above the level of the river, a tunnel of less than half a mile in length would suffice to connect the stream on the opposite sides.

The Pinnacles are four in number, the third from this direction being the highest. Their ascent is attended with considerable difficulty, and at some points is not without danger. Especially is this the case where the narrow path, winding around the Pinnacles, separates them by its own width from the rugged and precipitous precipices of two or three hundred feet perpendicular height. On the rock of the tallest of these Pinnacles is the following inscription: "1125 feet high. L. B. Colver, 1866." This is understood to indicate the height above the level of the river. Though the view from this point is less extensive than from many others, it is nevertheless grand and beautiful. The river, which has its origin only ten or twelve miles distant, near the "Meadows of Dan," flows rather leaps over the rocky bed in full view of the observer for a considerable distance both above and below, while mountains almost inaccessible, and in all conceivable shapes, rise abruptly from its margin on either side. Beyond the river, the rugged and precipitous Pinnacles, a huge body of rock broke loose near the top of a mountain about twelve years ago; and sliding down the mountain side a distance of a half a mile or more, swept everything before it—dragging up at last about the middle of the river. Our guide stated that there were several trees of large size in the way; but that they were driven by the rock like straws before the wind. The track, still plainly visible, appears in the distance to be about twenty feet in width, though doubtless really much wider.

One of the attractions of this interesting region is the abundance of fish—mountain trout—in the limpid waters of the Dan.

Ten miles north, and plainly visible from an eminence near Mr. Barnard's, is the celebrated Buffalo mountain, in Floyd county.

The pinnacles and surrounding scenery, though in locality comparatively unknown to most mountain tourists, have attracted special attention for the last year or two. All that is necessary to make this a place of general resort, is the establishment of sufficient hotel accommodations on a competent and almost completely wanting.

Mr. James Barnard, now aged about 67, was one of the "pioneers" of this region—settling here 42 years ago, when deer, bears, wolves, panthers, wildcats, &c., were his nearest neighbors. Amid the arts of civilization, however, these animals have nearly all disappeared; and the cattle, nurtured by the grasses, wild and cultivated, have taken their places. Beef cattle are driven to Mass Meadows and Christiansburg, and hogs to the Tennessee Railroad, a distance of about fifty miles, and thence shipped to the eastern markets, especially Baltimore and Philadelphia. Oxen, weighing gross twenty pounds each, are some of the accomplished "factors" of this locality. Fine timber abounds in this region; but the people are rapidly destroying it. The latter part of the summer, while the leaves are still on the trees, is the time selected for clearing; while the *melior* is simply cut down the hillside, and the large trees are "decayed." This undergrowth is left lying on the ground as it falls till the next summer, when fire is put to it, and all burnt that is practicable to burn is consumed. The remainder is then thrown into heaps and consumed. In September wheat and grass seed are sown together on the unbroken ground, and simply harrowed in—the looseness of the soil rendering the use of the plow thus for unnecessary. This clearing is done in the social and convivial manner for which the inhabitants of the mountains are distinguished—in the way of a "frolic." Shooting matches are still one of the favorite recreations of this sturdy people. Yet as to moral character they would perhaps lose nothing upon the whole in comparison with the dwellers in the lowlands. Honesty, inflexible and uncompromising, is a prominent characteristic; while hospitality, disinterested and benevolent, meets the stranger at every threshold. Amid the pure water and salubrious atmosphere of the mountains, malarial diseases are unknown; and in the particular locality of which I am now writing, strange to say, complete immunity from that terrible scourge, diphtheria, has thus far prevailed.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, for trespassing upon your columns and the patience of your readers. For the present, I must stop; but as I am not yet through, I may trouble you again ere long.

D. G. NEELLEY.

Sept. 19th, 1881.

How to Attain to Prosperity.

SOME SUGGESTIONS TO RAILROAD MANAGERS ENTITLED TO EARNEST CONSIDERATION.

EDITOR "PATRIOT,"—The following is a statement of foreign exports from the port of Wilmington for the month of August last closed, as compiled from the books of the Custom-house in that city:

Rosin and Crude turpentine \$39,787.00

Spirits of turpentine 470,884

Gallons, valued at \$192,225.00

Lumber, 522,000 feet, valued at \$10,250.00

This little item reveals a forgotten fact, too often overlooked or forgotten by many of our people, and especially Rail-

road managers and officials. That is, that a large portion of the productive labor of this State, and more especially that portion of it that employs *laboring men* and who have families dependent upon their labor for support, are vitally interested in our forests, in one way or another. There are many Saw mills, Shingle establishments, Haul and Spoke works, Planing mills, Hub and Rim factories, &c., that consume immense quantities of lumber of all sorts. Much of this lumber has to be transported for a greater or less distance over our railroads, and without railroad facilities both to convey to them the timber in the rough from the forests, and also to export their fabrics open market, they could do nothing. Indeed, most of these enterprises were evoked into being by the construction of the railroads, as is now being done along the line of the proposed Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad. And ought not to be forgotten by our railroad managers, especially in North Carolina, that this class of our manufacturers always have and will continue to be, not only the first, but the most liberal patrons of our railroads, and that one in furnishing freight both to and from them, on all roads running near them. There are many known ones in the land, who like a bee at the window, who have just light enough on practical subjects to keep them while their lives last, buzzing away against the pane. This class of our industrial philosophers know by far too much to suffer any one outside of their influential circle to lead or drive them from the window, through the clear light to the wide open door, where both ingress and egress can be free. Yet a few of this class of learned savants, who play a very conspicuous and important part in the management of all our railroads and other public matters, are honest and well meaning men. But like the bee at the window, most of them are wise and obtuse in their own conceits. They are no fools and need not to be told how to get out of the house when they see so plainly where the light comes through the window. It is true there is a thin pane of glass between them and the open air, but the light of truth is in their estimation and they adhere to their purpose of going through at that point of the building and no other, and then they keep buzzing away with a sublime faith in their own integrity of purpose and intelligence until they gradually wear down until they become so exhausted they cannot raise even a flutter of their wings, still they cling till death comes and kindly relieves them from their arduous labors. But to drop all metaphor there are the thousands that stand in the way of all practical schemes of improvement and progress. No power on earth could convince them, but the very best thing the railroads in North Carolina could do to benefit the labor and industry of the State would be to improve the roads at a very low rate of freight. If this was done it would not be in their judgment long before all branches of our agriculture would be seen in a prosperous and flourishing condition. This is believed to be a great mistake in our railroad policy, and in our rapid progress and success in agriculture. If our railroads and State officials would but take the time and trouble to look up into the statistics of this lumber manufacturing and freight business of the country, they would see the wisdom of it, and they would see if they wish to increase the efficiency and popularity of our railroads' benefit and improve the State, encourage all kinds of enterprise, relieve laboring humanity and at the same time encourage greatly all kinds of our manufacturing, they should take steps immediately to induce our railroad officials to commence a competitive race to see which of them would reduce their freight rates first to the lowest rate on building stone, lime, brick, hickory, mahogany, pine, cypress, timber, shingles, and saw-logs of every variety. Personally I am not interested to the amount of a penny, in any of our manufacturing establishments, but I am somewhat in our railroads. And as they were contracted to develop the resources of the State I wish to see them do the greatest good to all classes of our people and manufacturers. Especially do I wish to see them so managed that they will diffuse new life, vigor and enterprise among our people, and that they will, in the future, insure my popularity with the masses and secure my fame in the future and make all our roads paying institutions. I should certainly order, without a moment's delay, a large increase of freight rates to be levied on all kinds of foreign fertilizers and immediately a great reduction in freight rates on all kinds of building stone, wood and lumber transported over our roads for building and manufacturing purposes.

Am sure this policy would lead to the happiest results in the shortest time, tho' I have little hope that the change so important will be speedily brought about.

OSBERVER.

Morehead City.

How a Greensboro-Correspondent Enjoys the Fish and Game of This Place.

EDITOR PATRIOT:—For five dollars the round trip, I recently took the train at Greensboro at 8 A. M., and that evening arrived at the finest sea-side resort on the Atlantic coast. That is certainly cheap enough for the money. I found at Morehead City I found a magnificent hotel, the "Atlantic," with every apartment necessary to make a stay pleasant, and Dr. Blackall in charge. Here were many of our own people from all over Western and Central Carolina; the elite from Florida to New York; a first-rate band of music and the grandest ball-room to be found in this country. My information is that it is the largest and best arranged hotel in the South, and that I have never seen one so well adapted to the sound as to render sailing perfectly safe and enjoyable in the extreme. Even the fine fishing which ever proves so interesting to our Western people is soon abandoned and the sail and the surf bath, early the day, and the moonlight nights too, to sail and bathe with the women is simply intoxicating, you try it. Many gentlemen had their guns and dogs and found snipe, wood-cocks, plovers, wild geese, and other game. Of fishing here it is unnecessary to speak; we caught everything but a whale, and six hundred of these in a single school recently passed a few miles off the coast. We caught sharks six feet in length; hog fish, hickory and mackerel; the finest flounder and most beautiful fish that swims in the water, until we grew tired of the sport.

Board, bowling alleys, billiards and beach-driving are furnished at rates entirely reasonable. For the present, I must stop; but as I am not yet through, I may trouble you again ere long.

D. G. NEELLEY.

Sept. 19th, 1881.

UNCOMPLIMENTARY BUT NOT UNDESIRING.—Goldboro Messenger.

—Ex-Gov. Vance having seen fit to charge that in the controversy he has stepped into, "between himself as commissioner and the present owners of the W. N. C. Railroad, among others he is compelled to antagonize a 'suborned press,' the criticism he is now receiving at the hands of several journals who saw fit to differ with him by no means complimentary, and we may and not undeserving.

—The Guano men say that they must have the last sent.

History Repenting Itself.

When the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad was first chartered it was to run from Wilmington to Raleigh and but soon after the road was let to contract some of the great political highlights got into just such a quarrel as is now going on.

The result proved most disastrous to the State, the Stockholders in both roads as well as the roads themselves, and to the cause of internal improvements in the State. Such is destined to be the result of this present warfare being made on the North Carolina Railroad to the extension of the Western Railroad to the Point Rock and Niscon River by the Clyde syndicate.

It is a sad and most lamented truth that all the great misfortunes that have befallen the "Old North State" can easily be traced to the egotism of some one or more of our great political leaders, whose greed or ambition was so imperial as to lead them to sacrifice any and all interests, party or personal that came in the way of their aggrandizement.

No one can acquiesce in the democratic party in this State, but I am convinced that the mainpring that started, both this late Prohibition and the present Railroad war did not originate in a sincere wish to benefit the State or benefit the railroad, improve the State or benefit the people of any part or the whole.

The credit of the State, the solvency of the North Carolina Railroad, cheap freights and travel and every great interest of the State demands that this uncalled-for and so-called "reform" be closed, and both our Governor and Senator Vance cease to justify every thing in North Carolina to their being continued in office for the remainder of their lives. Call your own dogs or it may be a matter of action may tell both of you before you are aware of it. WOOLY CREEK

THE NEW SOUTH.—Mr. Frederick Wolfe, the representative of Baron Erlanger and his associates, who have recently placed \$25,000,000 cash in his hands for carrying out plans for a great railroad system in the South, is enthusiastic over the future of that section. He is quoted as declaring that "the people of the North have just begun to realize that the South has awakened to her true interests, and, allowing politics to drop into the grave with slavery and reconstruction, is applying herself to the improvement of her material welfare with an energy and shrewdness worthy of a new country. Mr. Wolfe says that the \$25,000,000 which the syndicate he represents is spending in the South is only one instance; that not only are many other railroad lines being built by added capital, but money in large blocks is being invested in lands, cotton mills, furnaces, iron works, lumber mills, and various other enterprises. Mr. Wolfe's conclusion, and he is a shrewd judge of men and things, is that "the South is destined to supply the country and a good part of the world, not with raw cotton, but cotton goods of every variety," and he thinks "that the sooner the Massachusetts manufacturer realizes this new rivalry and goes over to it the better for him." The South, old as it is, has just started, in Mr. Wolfe's opinion, a new and splendid development.—Baltimore Sun.

Best of Bonds Bought.

[Goldboro Messenger.]

THE most unkindest stab of all that Goldboro has received at the hands of the several railroads since the Vance Hughes combination with the W. & W. Railroad and the Old Dominion steamers, a few years ago, is the proposition of Maj. J. B. Bates of the Midland N. C. Railroad, to Maj. S. J. Haas, the General Freight Agent of the Atlantic Railroad, under date of August 20th, by which he proposes to "pool the freights at Goldboro." To pool means to form an alliance by which the railroads so pooling can reap a rich harvest at the expense of the shippers and producers, and this system of pooling is so unjust, discriminating and hurtful to a community that but recently the Legislature saw fit to pass a law prescribing heavy penalties upon railroads resorting to it, and yet the Midland N. C., in almost the same breath, while complaining to Maj. Haas of the discrimination against its line, proposes to resort to pooling at Goldboro, and this at a time when our business men were resolving in public meeting to encourage and patronize the Midland and Mr. Best. We have purposely refrained from noticing this matter sooner, but the more we ponder over it the more unjust and untimely the proposition appears to us. We feel kindly to wards Maj. Bates and trust his explanation will relieve his proposition of its obnoxiousness.

Vance's Discoveries.

[Salsbury Examiner.]

Mr. Vance has just discovered that monopolies are dangerous things, and there is some fraud about the Western N. C. Railroad transaction. It seems as if he has been very slow to see that there was danger of establishing a great Railroad monopoly in our State. He has been in a position to understand these things and should have given warning before. He can't now make the Richmond & Danville Railroad a seep-goat for his want of foresight.

TRULY A SUBLINE SPECTACLE.

—In our judgment, the United States, during the last seventy years, have presented the most sublime spectacle in the whole history of human government. Fifty millions of people governing themselves, abstaining from any act of violence towards the most abhorred of criminals, the assassin of the President, the great crowds collected along the line by the passage of the prostrate form of Gen. Garfield through three States, greeting him everywhere with respectful silence, restraining the cheers that rose spontaneously to their lips, lest the noise should disturb him, the necessary business of the Executive department moving smoothly on, like nicely adjusted, well oiled, noiseless machinery! Would that Thomas Jefferson could have lived to behold this, the fulfillment of his fondest hopes and brightest visions, showing how little government and intelligent, self-respecting people really require. This is true liberty!—New York Sun.

Very simple was the menu of the dinner at Danville, when the emperors of Germany and Russia met. It was thus:

Potage tortue a l'Anglaise.

Turbot et saumon garnis.

Filet de veau braies.

Legumes.

Filet de points aux truffes.

Chaudroid de caillies.

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MEMOIR.

This little poem, from the pen of the President, was written before the first term in Congress—hence some twenty years ago. At that time possibly the president of a Christian college was the "summit where the sunbeams met," but the last lines are all but a prophecy.

'Tis beauteous night, the stars look brightly down

Upon the earth, decked in her robe of red

No light gleams at the window, save my own,

Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me

And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes

And leads me gently through her twilight realm

What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,

Or delicate pen ever portrayed,

The enchanted shadow land where memory dwells

It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,

Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree,

And yet its sunlit mountain tops are glad

With flowers of gold and purple, and the air is fragrant

In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,

Robed in the distant light of dreamy years,

Are clustered joys of childhood and of youth,

And yet its grand old coping hillside bears

The weeping willows o'er the sacred dead

Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,

Where our footsteps fall upon the shore,

They that were sleeping rise from out the dust

Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand

As erst they did before the prison tomb

Received their clay within its voiceless halls.

The heavens that bend above that land are hung

With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,

Surrounded with sorrow, cast with somber shade

Upon the sunny joyous land below.

Others are floating through the dreamy air

White as the falling snow, their margins tinged

With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall

Upon the dewy meads and sunny slopes,

Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.

When the rough battle of the day is done,

And evening's peace falls gently on the land,

I bound away, across the noisy years,

Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,

Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet.

And memory dim with dark oblivion joins

Where where the first remembered sounds that fell

Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;

And, wandering thence along the rolling years,

I see the shadow of my former self

Child of the past, as now to use's estate.

The path of youth winds down through many a vale,

And on the brink of many a dreary abyss,

From out whose darkness comes no ray of light.

Save that a phantom dances o'er the guilt

And beckons toward the verge. Again the path

Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;

And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom

Sorrow and joy, the life-path leads along

Until thy bosom, faithful tomb;

Take this new treasure to thy trust.

And give these sacred relics room

To slumber in the silent dust.

No pain, no grief, no anxious care,

Invasion thy bounds; no mortal woes

Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

While angels watch the spot; repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son.

Passed through the grave, and blest the

bed;

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne

The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn;

Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;

Restore thy trust; a glorious form

Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Dr. Jane Watts.

Ex Senator Merrimon.

[From the Raleigh Times.]

The party of tourists who visited Asheville from here have returned and were much pleased with their trip. We hear that one of the agents of the Asheville Railroad, speaking of Judge Merrimon told Mr. J. B. Webster that the first time he ever remembered seeing Merrimon was at the station at Asheville, when he saw him in a tow shirt, tow pants, a chip hat, and bareheaded sitting on the end of a long reading table. The latter was reading a Webster's dictionary. The next time he heard of him some gentleman was speaking of a distinguished Senator who was said to have been equal in ability in the United States, and inquiring who he was referred to, was told Senator Merrimon. Says, there's a lesson for you. No college bred. No darning master to set the polish on. But sitting on the end of a long reading table. The man was in him to come out. And to day in ability he would rank with Conkling, and was regarded as next to Stanton, McKim, the best constitutional lawyer in the United States. So don't complain, boys, of having no chance. Remember Merrimon's to w. losses and chip hat.

Dossey B. Chapman.

[Tarboro Southerner.]

Yes, we join the mighty editorial throng in elevating our deities to Gen. J. B. Haas, the war patriot of the Greensboro Patriot. He has a 't' enough good newspaper stuff in him to bring the nozzles of the most illustrious literary literati abreast of the best. Good luck and long life to him.

Vance's Discoveries.

[Salsbury Examiner.]

Mr. Vance has just discovered that monopolies are dangerous things, and there is some fraud about the Western N. C. Railroad transaction. It seems as if he has been very slow to see that there was danger of establishing a great Railroad monopoly in our State. He has been in a position to understand these things and should have given warning before. He can't now make the Richmond & Danville Railroad a seep-goat for his want of foresight.

TRULY A SUBLINE SPECTACLE.

—In our judgment, the United States, during the last seventy years, have presented the most sublime spectacle in the whole history of human government. Fifty millions of people governing themselves, abstaining from any act of violence towards the most abhorred of criminals, the assassin of the President, the great crowds collected along the line by the passage of the prostrate form of Gen. Garfield through three States, greeting him everywhere with respectful silence, restraining the cheers that rose spontaneously to their lips, lest the noise should disturb him, the necessary business of the Executive department moving smoothly on, like nicely adjusted, well oiled, noiseless machinery! Would that Thomas Jefferson could have lived to behold this, the fulfillment of his fondest hopes and brightest visions, showing how little government and intelligent, self-respecting people really require. This is true liberty!—New York Sun.

Very simple was the menu of the dinner at Danville, when the emperors of Germany and Russia met. It was thus:

Potage tortue a l'Anglaise.

Turbot et saumon garnis.